

# All American Romance That Disappoints The Prince of Wales



Miss Rogers and Mr. James Thompson, the Childhood Sweetheart She Will Wed, Upon the Beach at Southampton, Long Island.

## How Sensible Little Millicent Rogers, Probably the Richest American Girl, Turned Down a Glittering Opportunity for Title and Honors at the British Court to Marry the Everyday Sweetheart She Has Known All Her Life

It may be the results of the war, or again it may be just evolution, but whatever the cause, all-American romances are coming to the fore in fashionable society. The engagement of Miss Millicent Rogers, eighteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Huddleston Rogers, of New York, is the latest to prove it. From their beautiful Summer home, "Miramar," at Southampton, L. I., Mr. and Mrs. Rogers announce their only daughter's engagement to James W. Thompson, an employe of a large steel firm.

And all the time Miss Rogers might have decided in favor of an English title if she had wanted one. And more than this, a titled husband who would have had not only the sanction of the Prince of Wales, but his heartiest co-operation!

H. R. H. may be a most charming heir to the British throne and the popular idol of Great Britain, but he is not worth shucks as a matchmaker. During his New York visit he devoted himself to Miss Rogers, the richest debutante of several seasons, granddaughter of the late H. H. Rogers and heiress to her father's many millions.

It is given to few American girls to win the undisputed favor of a prince of the blood next in line to the throne of a mighty empire, but Miss Rogers did this, and more. She filled the youthful Prince with a desire to win her for his home court. Not as his bride, for even Edward, with all his liking for republican institutions, knew that he could never marry a commoner, but he did think that the heiress to the Rogers millions would make a mighty fine addition to the British court.

The splendid glories of court life were held up before the young girl, and it would have caused no surprise if she had succumbed. But unfortunately for the Prince's efforts, she had already given her heart to a man of her own home town.

As is known, the Prince's pilgrimage through the several States was a highly diverting event. The prettiest and wealthiest maidens were brought forward for his entertainment, and those he danced with or talked to were marked with special distinction. But it was not until he reached New York and there met Miss Rogers that he actually began to sit up and take notice.

His interest in the charming heiress first became apparent at the great ball given for him by Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. It was noticed that he simply could not keep away from her. They danced together and H. R. H. showed his pleasure so naively that his several New York hostesses realized that if they wanted to make the Prince happy they must be sure to include Miss Rogers in all of their parties.

And so, wherever the young Prince went Miss Mary Millicent, to give her baptismal name, was also sure to go. Or, better, wherever Miss Mary Millicent went the Prince, just like Mary's little lamb, was sure to go.

The announcement of her engagement to James Thompson must have struck a sad

blow to the Prince's heart, for London has been as busy discussing the coming marriage as New York. Over in the Prince's home town they were aware of his predilection for the pretty American girl and his plans to capture her for a bright and shining ornament for his own special circle were well known.

The little Prince's plans, however, have all gone to smash. With uncommon common sense, a heritage perhaps from her hard-headed grandfather, Miss Rogers closed her blue eyes on the glittering glories of court life and gave her heart and hand to her exceedingly nice American playmate. New York society, in spite of its fondness for grand alliances, has a soft heart where real romance is concerned and smiles approvingly on this latest all-American love affair.

It may well be that during those tete-a-tetes in Mrs. Vanderbilt's conservatory and at the other functions given by H. R. H., Miss Mary Millicent's brain was busy recalling the outcome of certain other Anglo-American marriages long known to have had unhappy consequences for the American bride. With the clear eyes of youth she probably recalled one fair beauty married to an English nobleman attached to the present court who returned last month for a visit to her New York relatives.

This titled wife, heiress to millions, has never suffered from the public unhappiness that has fallen to many such wives, but New York was amazed to find her looking haggard and, oh, so very old! Not more than thirty-five when she arrived here, she looked sixty, her blonde hair gray and her face, once the happiest in New York, lined and drawn.

No girl likes to think that ten years of matrimony can change a young face into that of an old woman, but matrimony had done just this thing to the wife in question. And gossip, of course, blames the titled husband.

It may well be that Miss Mary Millicent recalled another Anglo-American alliance where the bride, dominated completely by her husband, was not permitted to visit her New York family in her castle home. And there are other cases too numerous to mention, where unhappiness flew into the moated pile when the American bride entered its historic doorway.

Swayed by these recollections, it is not surprising that this American heiress decided to stop, look and consider before making a decision as to her future husband.

As her parents' only daughter, Miss Rogers will not only inherit great wealth

but she will have to assume many responsibilities, and her marriage is naturally a most serious matter. Her parents were never anxious for her to marry across the seas. Her father, who served in Washington and later overseas with the American army, and whose financial dealings bring him in close touch with all degrees of foreigners, was strongly in favor of an American son-in-law. Her mother, who was Miss Mary Benjamin, of New York, likewise favored an American son-in-law, and above all she desired a love marriage for her young daughter.

Mrs. Rogers had married for love when she was barely out of the school room, and she not only wanted Miss Mary Millicent to follow her father's dictates, but she wanted her to marry while young. And both these things the girl is doing, for she was the youngest debutante of last year, a fluffy-haired youngster who looked upon society as just another playground, filled with the most delightful playmates.

In passing it may be noted that Mrs. Rogers is the most youthful mother, in years and appearance, who has brought out a debutante daughter for many years. The average youthful mother much prefers to keep her grown-up children in the background and usually prevents a youth-

ful marriage, but having found happiness in her own marriage, Mrs. Rogers is eager to have her daughter do the same.

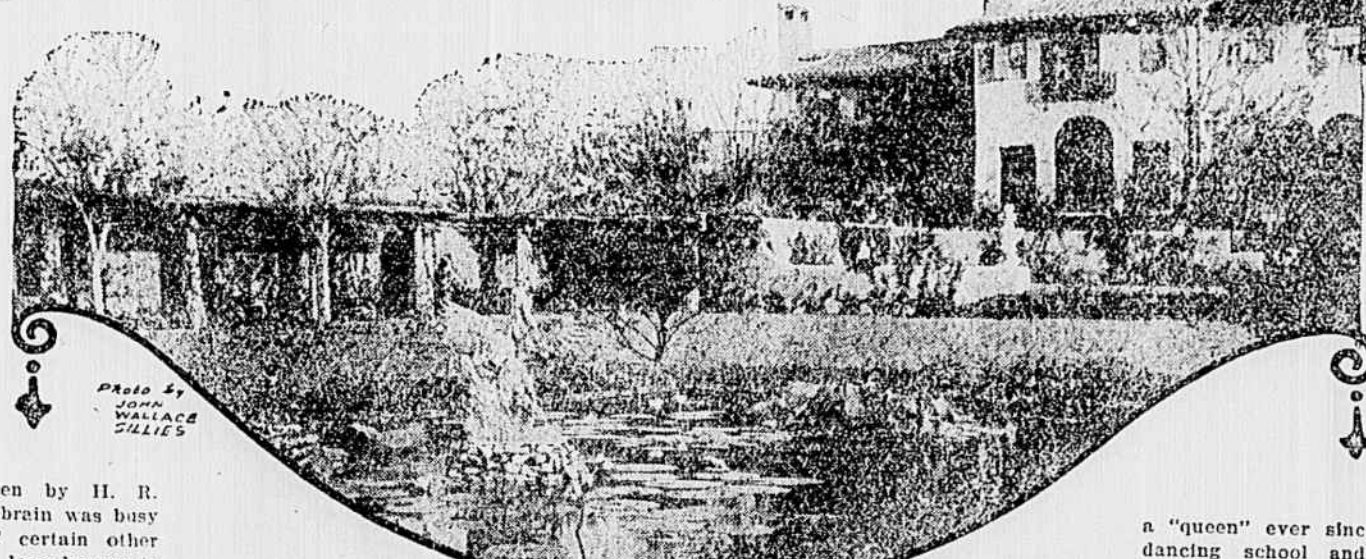
There can be no doubt that Mrs. Rogers could have influenced her daughter in favor of the Prince's plans if she had so desired, but she refused to take H. R. H. seriously and frankly treated him as she did the other decent young chaps who fluttered about the girl.

Although the formal entertainments given for Prince Edward were carried out according to schedule, and there were few hours of his visit left to his free choice, Edward managed several little parties on the side where he could enjoy Miss Rogers away from the all-seeing public eye. He went to lunch at the Rogers home, attended of course by members of his entourage; he sat by her on more than one motor ride, and in general he behaved just like any happy-go-lucky American youth when on a vacation.

But nothing he could say had any effect on the girl. She was charmed at his attentions, and flattered, too, as any normal girl would be, but she was not overwhelmed. And in a way, why should she be? Everything that wealth and love can give has been Miss Rogers' since her birth. To speak colloquially, she has been



Miss Millicent Rogers, the Granddaughter of the Famous Old H. H. Rogers, and Heiress to Most of His Millions.



A Section of the Beautiful Rogers Home on Long Island, Which Miss Rogers Found Preferable to a Palace in London.

a "queen" ever since she first went to dancing school and children's parties. What "queen" could lose her head over a prince's devotion?

Her coming-out party last November was the most sumptuously brilliant affair given in New York for several years. It rivaled even the Vanderbilt ball given later for H. R. H.

Society wondered why and how she evaded the many complications that arose from the spectacular position in which she was placed by the Prince's attentions. But it wonders no longer! During these marvellously exciting days there was an American suitor in the background, young Jimmy Thompson, practically unknown to mothers with marriageable daughters, but a mighty man for a' that. Mighty enough to defeat royal plans and win the richest debutante in New York.

Mr. Thompson works for his living; he has a real job with a company that deals in steel, therefore he may become a millionaire himself some day. He plays golf and tennis, swims like a fish, and he is young, even young enough to please Mrs. Rogers, who believes that youth is the chief requisite for a happy marriage. He is known as Jimmy or Jim to the whole Southampton colony, for he has spent his holidays and weekends at that very smart resort and practically every free hour with Miss Mary Millicent.

Southampton, being sophisticated beyond its years, looked upon the friendship between the two as a boy and girl affair that would not amount to anything. But Miss

Miss Rogers in a Very Democratic Pose and Democratic Overalls, Snapped While at Work About the Garden.

Rogers knew better, and, because she knew, she was able to overthrow the prince's house of cards. She knew she loved her playmate Jimmy and knew that she would be happier with him than with all the titled husbands in the world, prince or no prince. Holding true to her ideals, this American heiress has chosen a mate from her own social ranks, and, all things considered, she seems surely headed for a happy future.

American fashionable society wonders what H. R. H. is thinking about all this. His American visit is still fresh in his mind and London says that he still talks constantly of the jolly time he had over here.

H. R. H. is now on his way to Samoa and England rests for a time in peace. He cannot bring his match-making powers into play in those blessed islands. And so the British court is in no danger from its present pilgrimage.